Antlers & Claws

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/16891245.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Xenophilia, Teratophilia, Wendigo Hannibal Lecter, Size Kink, Murder Kink, Blood Kink, Breeding Kink, No mpreg, Biting, Blood, Gore, graphic cannibalism, Mouth-to-Mouth Feeding, Knotting, Mating Cycles/In Heat, no a/b/o, aphrodisiac venom, Kind of non-consensual drug use, Partial wendigo shift, so it's not like maximum monster but it's still pretty monster-y
Language:	English
Series:	Part 18 of Kinktober 2018
Stats:	Published: 2018-12-07 Words: 4,116 Chapters: 1/1

Antlers & Claws

by jonnimir

Summary

Kinktober Day 18: Xenophilia/Teratophilia.

The sight of Will killing someone makes Hannibal undergo a sudden transformation.

Notes

For anyone concerned about the non-con drug use, it refers to the aphrodisiac and is only used after Will consents to sex (and its main purpose is making penetration easier), he just has a quick "wtf did you do to me?" moment.

It was the first time Will had taken a kill entirely for himself. Hannibal was still there, of course, hanging behind him and watching intently, but it was Will who caught their prey by surprise in his kitchen and plunged the knife into his lower stomach. He yanked the blade up until he hit bone, splitting the skin vertically, gutting him.

His hands were gloved, but he could feel the heat of the blood pouring over them, the rewarding way the skin yielded to the freshly-sharpened blade. He could see shock plastered over the face of this man, this *piece of shit*.

He growled as he changed angles, pulled and thrust the blade up and under the rib cage, an attack on the vital organs guarded there. His breath was harsh and his prey's cry of pain was throttling; he heard blood rushing through his veins, blood splashing to the floor, a whole symphony. He wondered how Hannibal could ever settle for the sounds of an orchestra when this soundscape was available to him.

As the man weakened, slumping back against a kitchen counter, Will felt himself strengthening. He felt like every gasp, twitch, and pained noise was feeding him, making him stronger in exchange. He was reluctant to pull away, instead giving the knife a twist and feeling how it dug further into flesh.

Finally, Will withdrew the knife and let the man crumple to the floor, watching his hands clutch uselessly at the profusely bleeding wound. The sense of satisfaction was as intoxicating as it was sickly, and he felt almost dizzy from it.

He felt a shadow at his back, but didn't turn, eyes still locked on the dying man. "I hope you'll settle for a limb—I think I ruined the organ meat."

Hannibal didn't answer. He stepped forward and he nosed into the strip of Will's neck that was exposed above the collar of his plastic suit. Will could hear him drawing in breath and feel the huff of his exhale. It was more intimate than was usual between them, but he half-expected it—intimacy after violence had become a pattern for them. Will leaned into it, the contact very welcome with his senses as heightened as they were. Soon there was no air left between them, and even with the less-than-ideal barrier of plastic between them, Will could sense arousal in the way Hannibal's body clung to his.

The man in front of them was still bleeding out, the pool of blood spreading over tile. It made a shiver pass through him—it felt so wrong to be turned on in this context, so filthy and wrong, but he pressed back with his hips and smiled when Hannibal gasped against his neck. "You like this?" he asked.

Hannibal just moaned in response, nuzzling against Will's nape with something like desperation, beginning to grind slowly against his ass.

"*Hannibal*." Will pushed him back a bit despite himself. "Not a great time. Wait 'til we're somewhere we don't have to worry about forensic evidence."

Hannibal responded by tightening his grasp and biting Will on the same strip of exposed neck. Hard.

Will winced. “Okay, cut it out.”

He reached back, meaning to tug him away by his hair if need be, but instead his hand wrapped around something hard projecting from his head.

“What the hell?”

Hannibal released his neck on his own. Will turned around, and was immediately struck speechless.

Hannibal had grown antlers. Fairly small, black antlers, but definitely antlers. And they were still growing.

Hannibal closed his eyes briefly, and reached up to feel his own head, fingers brushing tentatively over the roots of the antlers. Then he tore off his gloves, and Will saw his hands had changed, too—longer, and fingertips blackened and ending in long claws. His veins darkened until they too looked black, spreading across his hands and as far up his wrists as Will could see.

Hannibal finally spoke, sounding hoarse. “You’ve sent me into a rut.”

“Into a *what*?” His heart was beating faster than it had been just moments before, when he had been midway through stabbing someone.

“Rut. A… part of the mating cycle of some species, such as elk. Mine included.”

“You’re not human?”

Hannibal shook his head, then squeezed his eyes closed and snarled. His canines lengthened, the rest of his teeth looking sharper too, and the antlers on his head reached an impressive size. Will could only watch, wide-eyed.

“Technically not. And I can’t maintain human form while in rut. I…”

He growled. Will could see the plastic suit had gotten tight around his shoulders and short in the sleeves, and realized his entire body was growing, too. His claws tore at his plastic suit until it lay tattered on the floor, and his clothes quickly followed suit. Even his underwear was digging into his hips, and Hannibal must have had no concerns for modesty in this state, because they too were discarded. And then Will could see his cock, already half-hard and swollen between his legs. And it was huge. Really, really huge.

Will could feel his body responding, flushing with warmth. He wasn’t sure what it said about him that this sight turned him on as much as it did, and he thought this was probably the point at which he should be running—but he didn’t.

Hannibal began to advance on him, and Will couldn’t help but take a nervous step back for each step Hannibal took, until his back hit the counter. But he also couldn’t help but stare at

that cock, somewhere between tantalizing and terrifying.

“When you say mating cycle…” Will said, voice choked. “You mean you’re going to fuck me?”

“Will you let me?” Hannibal’s voice seemed to have taken on more resonance, a darker pitch than usual.

Will’s mouth was so dry it hurt to swallow. “I don’t think I could stop you if I wanted to.”

“You have a knife.”

Will shook his head slowly. He set the knife down with a clank, and gave it a hard shove so it skid across the counter and clattered against the wall far away from him.

He couldn’t quite bring himself to say it out loud, but he was fairly sure he made his point anyway.

Then he took off his gloves and tossed them away. Forensics seemed a moot point; there was no way this could end without needing to completely sterilize everything anyway. He unzipped his plastic suit and stepped out of it, and when he pushed that away and straightened his back, Hannibal was so close he could see threads of crimson had shot through his irises. He also realized he had gained about a foot in height over his original form.

Hannibal’s hands went to the buttons of his shirt and *ripped*. His claws brushed over Will’s bare skin as he pulled the shirt back over his shoulders. Will scrambled to undo the button and zipper of his pants, slightly concerned about having claws that close to his dick, but it was Hannibal’s hands that tugged them down roughly anyway.

Will looked up—and god, he really did have to tilt his head back to see him well with the extra height he had gained—and was rewarded with a kiss, deep and hungry. Hannibal’s tongue plundered his mouth, claiming every inch as his own, and Will could only moan and clutch for balance, fingers wrapping around his waist. He felt so warm to the touch.

Their cocks bumped together and Will broke the kiss to look down. He swore. Hannibal’s absolutely dwarfed his, but not in a way that felt bad—he felt smaller and more vulnerable, and high on adrenaline that could be either excitement or fear, but not *bad*.

Hannibal ground against him, cock pressing hard against Will’s stomach. It was already getting slick with precum—far more than a human would produce. A hand wrapped in Will’s hair and pulled his head back, and he whimpered as his throat was bared. Hannibal mouthed at it until he finally set his teeth against the side of his neck and bit hard enough to break skin. Will felt suddenly lightheaded as Hannibal’s teeth dug into his flesh, and his body went weak. Then he felt warmth spreading through him, and his arousal became far more urgent.

“Fuck,” he gasped. His fingers dug into Hannibal’s hips, pulling him forward desperately. He felt almost high. “What the… did you do something to me?”

Hannibal released his neck, and Will felt a dribble of blood spill from the wound. Hannibal mouthed at the shell of his ear until he shuddered and moaned.

“The venom I release in rut has an aphrodisiac effect,” Hannibal murmured into his ear. “It will relax your muscles to make this easier for you.”

Will thought in a normal state of mind he might have been mildly pissed about Hannibal essentially drugging him without his consent, but at the moment the implications of exactly *which* muscles would be relaxing to make exactly *what* easier just made him whimper and thrust urgently against Hannibal.

“Damn it,” he growled. “Hurry up and fuck me already.”

Hannibal growled in return, and then spun Will around and pushed him down to his knees. He landed with his hands in a puddle of blood and his victim’s lifeless body right in front of him.

“Shit,” he said, keenly aware of exactly how much he didn’t mind the blood soaking his hands or this particular view. A faint hint of guilt passed through him, but he dismissed it. This surely wasn't any worse than the act of murder itself.

He heard Hannibal settle behind him, and his back dipped, shamelessly presenting his ass. He felt Hannibal’s palms settling on him and spreading his cheeks apart, and then he felt his tongue. First broad and wet against his hole, lapping against it in short strokes that made his toes curl, then actually diving into it, making him curse again. It slid in more easily than it had any right to—the venom apparently having its intended effect, counteracting any attempt to clench.

Hannibal’s tongue pressed deep inside him and rolled in a tight circle, and Will’s arms buckled from pleasure until he had fallen to his elbows instead of his hands, and he let his head drop down. The sensation was too much without being quite enough, and he would have begged Hannibal to fuck him then if some part of his brain wasn’t still very aware that he could use as much foreplay as possible before taking that monster cock. And Hannibal couldn’t very well stretch him with his fingers, clawed as they were.

But eventually Hannibal’s patience must have worn thin, because he pulled away and slid his cock only briefly against Will’s hole, wetting it with precum, before pushing right in.

Even with his muscles as relaxed as they were, the stretch was slightly uncomfortable. He’d never had anything in him bigger than a few fingers, and that was nothing compared to Hannibal’s size. His hips wiggled slightly, trying to adjust to the sensation, but Hannibal’s claws dug in and held him still. That pain, at least, distracted him from the discomfort, and he settled, holding still while he was split open. But even once the head was in, the base of Hannibal’s cock was thicker still, and Will groaned as he felt himself stretch wider around it than he was ever meant to. God, it was so *big*. So *long*. It felt like Hannibal kept pushing and it never ended, just delving deeper and deeper inside of Will until it felt like his organs were going to have to rearrange themselves to fit him. But he wanted it. He wanted every fucking inch, and he wasn’t going to be content until Hannibal was fully seated inside him.

And then he was, and Will felt like he was going to die of satisfaction just like that, impaled on a monster's cock. And then Hannibal settled against his back, arms tight against his sides and supporting his weight, and his teeth dug into the meat of his shoulder, and he started fucking him like a goddamn animal—and Will's thoughts fled, as if Hannibal had fucked his brain right out of his body to make room for his cock.

Each thrust went so deep that he had no control over the noises they forced from his lungs. Hannibal was fucking all the way to his core, and he felt helpless beneath him. He felt pressure at the back of his neck and automatically yielded to it, dropping even lower until his cheek was planted in the pool of blood and his back was bent sharply, and he didn't even care that blood was now seeping past his lips. His tongue flicked out without even realizing what he was doing, and the taste filled his mouth, salty and coppery and somehow exactly what he needed. He had his tongue out again before he could stop himself.

Hannibal suddenly came to a stop. Will tried to roll his hips to encourage him but all he got was a growl and the prickling of claws as he was held in place, and Hannibal pulled out of him.

He whimpered. It felt like his guts were going to just rush out to follow him, and then there was nothing, his ass just gaping open. He couldn't understand what had happened.

He could hear Hannibal's footsteps, and he weakly lifted his head to watch him kneel over the body. He reached into the hole Will had left, up and under the ribcage. Will could hear the gruesome sound of something tearing, then Hannibal's hand emerged holding the man's heart.

Will's eyes widened. Hannibal approached him and rolled him over, then straddled him, his cock flopping heavily on his stomach. Hannibal held the heart and locked eyes with Will as he took a bite of it, sharp teeth slicing easily through the tough organ.

He chewed a few times but did not swallow, and Will held his breath, his own heart jumping as he got an inkling of what Hannibal intended here. He trembled as Hannibal pressed his fingers against his jaw, encouraging him to open up, then leaned forward and covered Will's mouth with his own. Hannibal's tongue pressed blood and raw tissue into his mouth and Will's whole body tensed. Part of him wanted to withdraw, but he could appreciate the intimacy of it. And this was such a purposeful offering that he wanted to please Hannibal, whose lips remained on his, tongue licking in gently. So Will accepted it and licked back, sharing the flesh and blood between them in a kiss that felt so sinful that he flushed scarlet.

Finally Hannibal pulled away, watching him expectantly. Will swallowed, and Hannibal growled and rubbed his cock over Will's stomach in soft, impatient thrusts. His hand dragged across the floor, and when he raised it his fingers were dripping with blood. He pressed one against Will's lips, claw alarmingly sharp. Will shivered but obediently opened his mouth and let it in, licking it clean in very slow, careful laps. He was hyperaware that the claw could split his tongue right open if he wasn't careful. Another finger joined it and he whimpered, eyes fixed on Hannibal's, seeing how they burned with desire. He was half in awe of this creature above him. He raised his hips, still turned on and without any outlet.

"Patience," Hannibal growled.

Will whined, but he settled and licked each drop of blood clean from the fingers. When they were removed from his mouth, he asked, “What was that? Some kind of monster mating ritual?”

He was half joking—he was pretty sure even as a human Hannibal would have liked the idea of Will licking blood off his fingers. But Hannibal’s eyes fluttered closed, and he groaned. He rutted sharply against Will before pulling back, spreading Will’s thighs wide apart, and pushing back inside him.

Both of them moaned in relief. Hannibal settled back deep inside him with small rolls of his hips, and nuzzled into Will’s cheek.

“Yes,” he said, voice barely above a whisper. “It is.”

His brain having once again fled, it took Will a moment to understand what he was referring to. And even then, he didn’t understand. “Why was that hard to say? It’s not the weirdest thing I’ve ever heard of, even among humans.”

“Because,” Hannibal said, sounding breathless. “It’s meant to feed the mother of our children.”

Will had barely processed the implications of this before Hannibal’s hips began sharp, jerking movements, far from his usual state of control.

“It’s why I entered a rut,” he said. “You were so… striking when you stood victorious, soaked in the blood of your fallen foe… and I could see then how fiercely you would defend our offspring… I couldn’t resist my urge to mate you any longer. To breed with you.”

A sharp thrust hit against Will’s prostate and he keened, and that seemed to only incense Hannibal further. He gasped, and bit, and his hands slid around Will’s hips and tilted them up. Will felt dizzy, and he wasn’t sure how much was sensation and how much was what Hannibal was saying.

“Will, I…” Hannibal groaned. “I want it so badly, Will. Want to breed you so badly. I… every instinct…”

At the moment, despite his shock, Will was pretty sure his body—maybe because of the aphrodisiac—wanted it just as badly.

Hannibal hit his prostate again and he gave in to it, refusing to waste any time overthinking it. “Yes,” he gasped. “God, Hannibal, do it. Just… fuck.”

“Will, I can’t actually… you're not…”

“Shut up.” He dug his nails into Hannibal’s back, letting them drag down. “Just pretend you can. Breed me right now, just like I was a… whatever the fuck you are. Like you’re gonna give me your child.”

Hannibal hissed, like the very last of his hesitations were escaping in a rush. Will hitched his legs as high up as he could, leaving himself wide open for Hannibal. And that was enough.

Hannibal fucked him deep and hard, making him tremble. He kissed along Hannibal's neck, taut with muscle, licked and sucked and bit, and he couldn't tell if the rumble in Hannibal's chest was pleasure or displeasure at his bites, but it made Will try hopelessly to pull him even closer. He wanted it to go on forever, but he also wanted to feel Hannibal to come inside him—god, how much would a monster like him even have? He was so hungry for it. But just as he was ready to start begging, he felt more pressure at his entrance. It took a moment for him to register that it wasn't just an external force—when Hannibal thrust in, it actually stretched him further open, and he cried out in surprise.

Then Hannibal stopped, suddenly, and began to withdraw, and that was almost unbearable.

"What are you *doing*?" Will asked, fervently trying to pull Hannibal back.

Hannibal paused, panting. He closed his eyes. "My knot is forming. It's meant to keep us locked together for a short while, to keep my seed inside you for longer—but even with your muscles relaxed, I'm not sure how well your human body will manage it at full size. I'm afraid I'll hurt you."

Will's mind was reeling. He had so many things that he wanted to ask—by knot, did he mean the same kind of knot dogs have, and exactly how big was it? But at Hannibal's last words, he huffed in frustration. "That's never stopped you before. And this time I want it. Can't be any worse than being gutted, can it?"

There was a moment of silence, and Hannibal pulled out entirely. But before Will could protest, he said, "It will be easier to knot if you're on your hands and knees."

Will flipped over, immediately coming face-to-face again with the mess of the eviscerated body. The blood had smeared all across the floor, tracked onto his arms and hands—all over him, really. He could see the heart lying only a couple feet away.

Hannibal took a bottle off the counter, quickly examining it before pouring some viscous fluid onto his palm and rubbing it over the base of his cock. "The oil will help you take my knot. Precum is unlikely to be sufficient for this."

Will had a brief burst of anxiety at the thought of fitting much more into him than he already had, but as soon as Hannibal eased back into him, his fears faded into the background. It felt too good to interrupt with worrying.

Hannibal went more slowly this time, but even the most gentle movements felt titanic when something so big was inside him. Will felt the beginning of the knot rubbing at his rim, but Hannibal wouldn't quite push it in. He was still too overwhelmed to speak, but he put his hand against Hannibal's where it lay on his hip, and forced his fingers to curl until his claws dug into his skin. Will hissed from the sharp pain, and was finally able to say, "Don't hold back. Fuck me like you mean it, like you're desperate to breed me, because I know you are. Forget about the knot."

After a slight moment more of hesitation, Hannibal did push it in—and Will felt like he was taking his cock for the first time all over again as it stretched him out. He moaned and thrust his hips back encouragingly. It began to hurt, but it was okay, it was perfect. Hannibal forced

it in until it pressed against his prostate and he whined, canted his hips. He felt like he couldn't breathe, couldn't be satisfied until he felt Hannibal's release.

“Keep going," he said. "Want you to come inside me so badly. I need it, *fuck*. Tell me what you wanna do to me. Want to fill me up, breed me?”

Hannibal gasped and his hips pistoned sharply into Will at an angle that downright ached, but Will needed it just as badly.

“Yes,” Hannibal said, voice rasping. “Want to give you so much that you’ll carry me inside you for months. Want to mate you, breed you. Want you to give you my child. Will. *Will*.”

Even with a hard thrust, he was barely able to force his knot in the next time. Then he did, and he rutted shallowly, desperately, and came with a loud, ragged moan that made Will feel heat ripple all along his spine. He could feel the whole length twitch inside him, all the way past his navel.

Will’s neglected cock was throbbing, the internal stimulation apparently not enough to make him come, no matter how intense it was. He tried to balance his weight on one arm to take himself in hand, but Hannibal knocked his hand aside. Will looked down at his stomach and saw Hannibal’s palm skim along the underside of his cock before carefully crooking his black clawed fingers around it, dwarfing it.

“Oh, god,” Will gasped. Hannibal stroked him and shifted his hips, putting enough pressure against Will’s prostate that he almost sobbed as he came. His ass clenched, though not strongly, and he whimpered as it pulled another ferocious growl from Hannibal. Despite not being able to move much with the knot locking them in place, he ground as best as he could, and Will felt him pulse again—and Will felt so very, very full, so thoroughly claimed. The thought of how much cum must now be inside him, assuming it was proportional to Hannibal’s size, made him weak. As his limbs buckled, Hannibal carefully eased him onto the floor until he was lying heavy on top of him, though surely not with his full weight. He licked the back of Will’s ear and nipped gently, while Will trembled in the wake of his orgasm. Now that his stomach was pressed the floor, he felt the pressure in his stomach even more intensely—perhaps there had, in fact, been enough cum to bloat him.

And now Hannibal just nuzzled him softly, and Will found it very difficult to pull words from his clouded brain. The best he could manage was a mumbled: “I’m gonna have some questions. Later.”

“I would expect no less.”

Will left it at that. All he wanted to do was bask in the afterglow, and ignore logic and practicalities for now. Questions could definitely wait.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!